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# "CLAIM ALLOWED"

*By* OLIVER P. PATTER





# Claim Allowed

By OLIVER P. PARKER

Author of

*The Winning of Latane*

*The Call of the Flag*

*Better Than Gold*

*The Valedictory*

*Lone Star*

*Etc.*

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# CLAIM ALLOWED

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. LaFohl—Manufacturer of munitions.

Mrs. LaFohl—His wife.

Dabney LaFohl—His patriotic son.

Ethel LaFohl—His daughter.

Lillian Marmen—Dabney's fiancee.

Tom Bradley—Ethel's patriot.

Mr. Metz—An American-German.

Mrs. Metz—His son's wife.

Sherman Metz—His grandson.

Mary Metz—His granddaughter.

Mrs. Hohenzollern—A propagandist.

Heine Hohenzollern—Her brother.

Mrs. Thompson—Of the Red Cross.

Little Scout—Doing his bit.

Neb—A black bird.

Students to fill.

Time to Play—Two hours.

## ACT I.

SCENE—Country estate of Horace LaFohl near New York, early evening.

STAGE SETTING—Table center; chairs right, left and back; doors right and left; window back left. Other furnishings to show elegance and wealth.

*Neb*—(L. fly swatter in hand. Looks about room, and listening to humming off stage.) I sho kin heah er hoss-fly buzzin. (Business of slapping as if killing a fly.) Now he jes 'swell cum on out en lemme kill 'm, case he caint git by wid nuffin lack dat in dis house. (Buzzing stops.) Now I'se up agin jt. I sho caint fine 'm ef he goin ter lay dade lack dat. He'll jes erbout staht dat buzzin foolishness ergin bout de time Massar LaFohl gits hum, en den de debil 'll be ter pay. (Buzzing starts up again. Listens and tips over to window, cautiously drawing curtains, swatter drawn to strike.)

*Mrs. LaFohl*—(L.) What are you doing, Neb?

*Neb*—Sh-h-h. Be quiet, missus. You'l make 'm stop buzzin.

*Mrs. L.*—O, I don't think so. He is at least a mile high.

*Neb*—(Going right.) Wall, den. Ef he dat high, dat's alrat. But yer got ter han it to 'm, Miss Eleanor, he am some buzzin hoss-fly.

*Mrs. L.*—(Looking out window and up.) O, isn't that grand! Just to sail out thru the blue heavens and breathe the pure air. It must be exhilarating.

*Neb*—Yassam, missus, he sho got ter accelerate some ter put up er buzz lack dat. . . . But how kin you see er hoss-fly er mile high?

*Mrs. L.*—It is no horse fly, *Neb*. It is a flying machine.

*Neb*—You rekkin hit am one er dem German raiders?

*Mrs. L.*—No. It is a Liberty Plane, and some mother's son is at the wheel. God bless him.

*Neb*—En sen' him ter France. (Goes R.)

*Ethel*—(R.) What are you doing with that swatter at this time of the year?

*Neb*—Now, ter tell yer de truf, Miss *Ethel*, I been tryin ter swat er flyin machine.

*Ethel*—Where is mother?

*Neb*—At de window. (Ex. R.)

*Ethel*—O, mother, look thru these glasses. That machine is painted Yale-blue, Dabney's college colors.

*Mrs. L.*—(Looking.) And so it is. I do hope Dabney will not try to make that branch of the service. It is too dangerous.

*Ethel*—He is not the sort to pick out a soft snap.

*Mrs. L.*—(Coming up and sitting left of table.) O, let us not talk of war. He has not been called yet, and if he is perhaps his father can arrange to get him exempted.

*Ethel*—I do not want him exempted from doing his duty.

*Mrs. L.*—You do not look upon war as I do, my child. I did not raise my boy to be a soldier.

*Ethel*—You did not raise him to be a slacker, did you?

*Mrs. L.*—Certainly not. But there are plenty of things we can do that will bring success to our arms without Dabney going into those horrible trenches. Your father is selling war materials by the ship loads. That is helping some, and should be our share.

*Ethel*—Of course he is; but he is not doing it as a service. He is doing it for the millions he is getting out of it.

*Mrs. L.*—*Ethel*!

*Ethel*—Don't be angry with me; for I am speaking the cold truth. No man ever served his country and his greed for gold at the same time.

*Mrs. L.*—You silly girl. Where did you get so much wisdom?

*Ethel*—I do not know, mother, unless it comes to me thru the heartaches I have suffered because Tom will fight for France.

*Mrs. L.*—Now dear, you must forget Tom. He is only doing his duty.

*Ethel*—That is why I can never forget him. And I am forced to send him away without so much as bidding him goodbye. Mother, it isn't right.

*Mrs. L.*—Your father knows what is best for you, *Ethel*, and he has a right to say who shall share the great fortune he will leave you.

*Ethel*—Unless my father's legacy includes Tom Bradley's love it can never make me happy. I know Tom is not rich, but he is better than that: he is noble and brave, and in spite of my father's objections he holds my heart in his hand.

*Mrs. L.*—It is just because he is going to war that you feel that way.

*Ethel*—No, mother, I have loved him all my life. This sacrifice he is making for me—and for you—only deepens that love, and makes me brave to declare it. When this dreadful war is over and Tom comes back to the country he has saved, won't you try to influence father in his behalf?

*Mrs. L.*—I have never been against Tom.

*Ethel*—I know you haven't. But I want you to be for him, as he is for his country. Won't you?

*Mrs. L.*—Yes, I promise; for I realize this war is coming home to all of us, and we must be brave and do what we can to win it.

*Ethel*—(Embracing her.) There, that is a good mother. I am perfectly willing to rely on that promise, and I know everything will come out right.

*Neb*—(L.) Lawd, missus, dat Liberty bird done cum down rat squar in de golf links.

*Mrs. L.*—(Going to window.) I wonder what that means.

*Neb*—Dat means . . . dat means . . . er . . . I'll jes go down en see whut dat do mean. (Ex. E. L. Neb goes R. meeting Mr. L. Takes his coat and hat and ex. R.)

*Mr. LaFohl*—What is the excitement?

*Mrs. L.*—An aeroplane.

*Mr. L.*—(Taking off gloves.) How many?

*Mrs. L.*—Only one.

*Mr. L.*—That is nothing. I closed a contract with the government today for five thousand of them.

*Mrs. L.*—Five thousand death machines! O. Horace it is terrible.

*Mr. L.*—What is terrible? Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars profit? Huh. I should worry.

*Mrs. L.*—But think of the poor boys who shall fly those machines, and those who shoot the shells your syndicate sells. What of them?

*Mr. L.*—Let those who have sons in the trenches worry about that. It is for us to supply the necessities of war—and necessity prices—and make hay while the sun shines.

*Mrs. L.*—There can be no sunshine, Horace, as long as the bravest and best American manhood must fight for liberty—for your liberty and mine, Horace.

*Mr. L.*—Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Liberty, eh? Liberty lies in the power of money, my dear. And so long as we are rich, and fast growing richer, we have no cause to worry about the outcome of this war.

*Mrs. L.*—What good will our millions do us if we lose this war?

*Mr. L.*—If the country loses this war we are not going to lose our money. You may trust me for that. It is the masses that will suffer—and it is up to the masses to fight for their existence. We will drop the subject of war.

*Mrs. L.*—Have you seen the evening paper?

*Mr. L.*—No, I have been too busy to read it. I am not concerned in all this war gossip, only in so far as it affects the markets.

*Mrs. L.*—(Handing him paper, indicating paragraph.)  
Read that.

*Mr. L.*—(Reading.) "The President will call another contingent at an early date." (Tosses paper on table.) I knew that five weeks ago. It means a contract for one hundred thousand more rifles, that is all. Let him call them. Every call means more business.

*Mrs. L.*—And more men to die. More mothers to grieve, and more fatherless children to fight the long odds of poverty. To say nothing of the pitiful wail of the unborn. O, Horace, how can you fail to measure up to the great standard this war has set up?

*Mr. L.*—There is but one standard, my dear—the gold standard. And to that I am measuring up very satisfactorily.

*Mrs. L.*—I grant you that you are, but you should not permit that to blind you to the great suffering and misery that is bound up in each and every fiendish implement of war your factory and brain can turn out.

*Mr. L.*—I never allow sentiment to interfere with my business.

*Mrs. L.*—I should think the fact that your son will be in this next draft ought to cause you to feel a deeper interest in this war, than merely to think of the dollars it means to you.

*Mr. L.*—O, that is what you are driving at, is it? You are afraid he will have to go.

*Mrs. L.*—Of course he will have to go.

*Mr. L.*—Then why don't you get busy trying to save him.

*Mrs. L.*—What can I do to save him?

*Mr. L.*—You can assist me in getting him exempted.

*Mrs. L.*—On what claim?

*Mr. L.*—There are a great many ways, but the most respectable one is for him to marry Lillian. All married men will be exempted.

*Mrs. L.*—I love him, and my life would indeed be very sad if he were taken from me; but I would rather grieve for him than feel that he is a coward.

*Mr. L.*—Then you want him to go to war? I thought you loved him.

*Mrs. L.*—Because I love him I am not willing to hide him behind a lie.

*Mr. L.*—Don't be a fool, Eleanor. Let this hero stuff go hang. There are plenty of boys to do the fighting without Dabney. I will take care of him.

*Mrs. L.*—Then put your millions behind, and not in front of him; for a mother's intuition tells me he will want to do his share.

*Mr. L.*—I least expected such sentimental rot in my own home.

*Neb*—(R.) Er boy to see you, Mr. LaFohl.

*Mr. L.*—Who is he?

*Neb*—I done know, sah.

*Mr. L.*—Say I am not at home.

*Neb*—I done tole him all er dat, en he say he am er Boy Scout, en dat he got er message fum de President far yer.

*Mr. L.*—Ah! Perhaps that is another war order. I will



see him. (Ex. N. R.) This is the greatest time for making money the world ever saw. (Scout, R., hat in hand.)

*Mrs. L.*—Good evening, little man.

*Scout*—I am not a man; I am a Boy Scout.

*Mrs. L.*—Well, that is the next thing to it. Won't you be seated?

*Scout*—Not while you are standing.

*Mr. L.*—(Going to chari beside him.) O, you dear little darling. Did you come alone?

*Scout*—Yes, ma'am. My daddly has gone to France to fight for me, and I want to sell Mr. LaFohl some Liberty Bonds.

*Mr. L.*—Is that your message from the President?

*Scout*—Yes, sir. He wants you to help my daddy fight for you.

*Mr. L.*—Well, I don't think you could interest me today. You run along down to Mr. Jones'. I think he will help you out.

*Scout*—He bought yesterday.

*Mr. L.*—Then try Mr. Dickens and Mr. Smith. Have they bought?

*Scout*—Yes, sir. Now you buy one.

*Mrs. L.*—Do Horace.

*Scout*—I bought one.

*Mr. L.*—You are just wasting your time, sonny. I am not going to buy any bonds today. Run along home now—it is getting late for little fellows to be out.

*Scout*—I am not scared. I am working for my country.

*Lillian*—(R.) Good evening, everybody.

*Mr. L.*—Why howdy Lillian. You are the very fellow I want to see.

*L.*—That is good. Why hello little Scout.

*Scout*—Won't you buy a bond?

*L.*—Buy a Liberty Bond? You bet I will. I am a liberty girl. Give me your blank. (Scout gives her blank and pencil. As she writes he offers one to Mr. L.) Be a man.

*L.*—How much are you putting behind the boys, Mr. LaFohl?

*Mr. L.*—Why, ah!—I have not decided yet.

*L.*—(Giving paper.) Here, you little hero. That will be mighty small compared with Mr. LaFohl's, but it will do its bit.

*Scout*—Thank you. Goodbye. (Ex. R.)

*L. and Mrs. L.*—(Nearly together)—Goodbye, dear.

*L.*—Isn't he a dear. Even the children are patriotic.

*Mr. L.*—Do you think that small child knows what patriotism is?

*L.*—I know he does. (Sits.)

*Mr. L.*—How do you know it?

*L.*—By the way he showed it. I love him for it, too.

*Neb*—(R.) Missus, er 'oman ter see yer. Am yer at hum?

*Mrs. L.*—Where is her card?

*Neb*—I'll ax her dat. (Ex. R.)

*L.*—(Laugh.) I wish we had a good old negro like Neb.

*Mr. L.*—You may have him.

*Mrs. L.*—Not while I live. He is clumsy and never learns anything, but he is the link that binds me to my South-land.

*Neb*—(R.) Nuffin doin', missus. She say she resents de Red Cross.

*Mr. L.*—Make excuses, Eleanor.

*Mrs. L.*—I have none to make.

*L.*—Certainly not. It would be small indeed not to show her every courtesy.

*Neb*—Den you am at hum?

*Mrs. L.*—Very much. Show her in.

*Neb*—(To *Mr. L.*) You heard whut dey said. (Ex. R.)

*L.*—(Opening her bag.) I hope she can help me with my sweater. You see I belong.

*Mr. L.*—Lillian Carmen! Ho, ho, ho! I pity the fellow who has to wear what you could knit.

*L.*—He may need your pity, *Mr. LaFohl*, before this war is over.

*Mrs. Thompson*—(R.) Is this *Mrs. LaFohl*?

*L.*—(Going to her quickly.) Why how do you do, *Mrs. Thompson*. So glad to see you. *Mrs. LaFohl*, this is *Mrs. Thompson*, president of my chapter of the Red Cross.

*Mrs. L.*—(Taking her hand.) I am very glad to know you, *Mrs. Thompson*. This is my husband.

*Mrs. T.*—How do you do, *Mr. LaFohl*? I have known you good people for twenty years but if this war had not come upon us I suppose I should have died without meeting you.

*L.*—(Laugh.) How many years did you say?

*Mrs. L.*—(Same.) She said twenty.

*Mrs. T.*—And I might have said thirty. I am no spring chicken, my dear. *Mrs. LaFohl*, I came to invite you to join the Red Cross. I know every mother is deeply interested in our boys at the front, and will want to have a part in making them as happy and comfortable as possible.

*Mr. L.*—It will suit *Mrs. LaFohl* better to pay money for her part. She has no time to spare for the work. How much do you wish to give, *Eleanor*?

*Mrs. L.*—*Mrs. Thompson* has judged me correctly. I wish to give service. You may donate the cash.

*Mrs. T.*—I am not soliciting funds. Another branch of the Red Cross will gladly receive any cash you may wish to give. My work is to solicit service—loving service that will show in every stitch a proper love and devotion for those brave boys who have crossed the sea to meet the enemy; and those thousands of others who shall soon follow them to the last trench. Just a sweater will do, or a pair of socks—just so it shows that you love your country and the brave boys who defend it with their lives. If you have no son in the trenches, hundreds of thousands of other mothers have, and the most we can do for them is quite too little.

*Mrs. L.*—*Mrs. Thompson*, nothing is further from me than the thought of failing to do my duty to the Red Cross. for I regard the organization as worthy of the best any woman can give. You may count me a member and depend on

me for whole hearted service. I meant to join with Ethel, but was prevented.

*Mr. L.*—Is Ethel a member of the Red Cross?

*Ethel*—(L., sweater in hand.) You bet I am. I am no slacker. Hello, Lillian. Hello, Mrs. Thompson. How is that for the first one? (Shows sweater.)

*L.*—That is grand.

*Mrs. T.*—One of the best I have seen. You finished it in a hurry.

*Ethel*—When love is in the stitches the needle flies. No brave American soldier shall feel the bite of discomfort and neglect if my love and admiration can warm and steel his heart.

*L.*—Good for you, Ethel. (All but Mr. L. applaud.) I am with you heart and hand. Isn't that right, Mr. LaFohl?

*Mr. L.*—For a bunch of sentimentalists you do very well.

*L.*—Sentimentalists!

*Mr. L.*—That is what I said. This war is a stern business proposition, and you women seem to think it can be won with tears. When peace comes and the people return to their senses they will place the honor where it belongs—on the capitalists who have financed the deal. We are the men who are in reality behind the guns.

*Mrs. T.*—We are not contending for credit or honor, Mr. LaFohl. We shall be content to do our duty and leave the praise to take care of itself. But if we should have anything to do with bestowing the credit I am inclined to believe we shall vote for the soldiers at the front. (Rising.) Goodbye, Mrs. LaFohl. I am glad to enlist you as a member. We meet tomorrow at three.

*Mrs. L.*—(Going out R. with Mrs. T. and Ethel.) You may depend on me.

*Mr. L.*—Lillian, I wish to discuss a very important matter with you.

*L.*—(Knitting.) What is it, Mr. LaFohl?

*Mr. L.*—You are the only person in the world who can prevent my son from going to war, and I think it is your duty to do it.

*L.*—My duty!

*Mr. L.*—Exactly that. You and Dabney are to be married in about eight months. That will be too late. If you love him, urge him to marry you at once, so that he can claim his exemption.

*L.*—Would that be right?

*Mr. L.*—Certainly. Not only right, but a very plain duty.

*L.*—Then it is my duty to prevent your son from doing his duty. Is that it?

*Mr. L.*—O, Lillian, come now. A man's first duty is to be true to himself.

*L.*—Quite right. But that implies that he must first be true to his God and his country.

*Mr. L.*—O get that rot out of your head, Lillian. I am not accustomed to being defeated, and I do not propose to let a lot of silly women defeat me now.

*L.*—Now, Mr. LaFohl, I have nothing to do with your

plans only insofar as they affect my own conduct. So far as Dabney is concerned, I can only promise you that I will not seek to influence him in any way.

*Mr. L.*—Please leave off your knitting and listen to me. I am not joking about this matter. Why do you waste your time on this work when you could take a few dollars and buy a much better sweater than you can possibly knit in three months? Besides if you women would not supply these things my syndicate could handle them at a handsome profit.

*L.*—We do it because we love to touch the things that will be worn by the grandest army in all the world, and because it affords us the opportunity to weave into these stitches our love and unending prayers that God will give us the victory.

*Neb*—(L.) You am wanted on the long distance, Mister LaFohl.

*Mr. L.*—Don't leave until I see you again.

*L.*—Very well. I am in no hurry. I can knit here just as well as anywhere. (Ex. *Mr. L. L.*)

*Ethel*—(R.) All alone?

*L.*—Yes, and tending my own knitting for once in my life.

*Ethel*—Where is father?

*L.*—At the long distance telephone in the library.

*Ethel*—Did you bring me any word from Tom?

*L.*—He sails tonight for France.

*Ethel*—Poor Tom. He has neither sister nor mother to bid him Godspeed in God's cause.

*L.*—Are you going down to say goodbye?

*Ethel*—No, it would displease father. I shall just send his sweater and a note. He knows my heart is with him.

*L.*—It is a shame that you cannot see him before he goes. You may never see him again.

*Ethel*—O, Lillian. (Weeps.)

*L.*—I can sympathize with you, dear; for I shall soon make the same sacrifice. We must trust the good God to take care of His own.

*Ethel*—I do, Lillian, but it is hard to send Tom away like this.

*L.*—If you wish to send him a message I will take it for you.

*Ethel*—Thank you, dear. I will write a note and send it in his sweater. (Ex. *L.*)

*L.*—(Hurriedly takes up telephone directory and looks up number. Calling.) Two-O-Seven-Nine, Hemlock, please. Is Mr. Bradley in?—Tom, this is Lillian Carmén. Come at once to Birdwood—O, I know all about that—yes—yes—You must—Don't argue with me. I will send my car down for you. Yes. Come at once. (Hangs up receiver. *Neb, R.*) *Neb*, tell my chauffeur to go at once to the Kimberly apartments and bring Mr. Bradley here.

*Neb*—(Nervously.) Lawd, Miss Lillian, you'se playin wid fiah now.

*L.*—I know what I am doing.

*Neb*—Yassam, but Mister LaFohl done tole Mister Tom not ter cum heah no mo.

*L.*—I will be responsible for that. Do as I tell you.

*Neb*—Yassam, yassam. But I caint promise ter be roun heah when he cum. (Ex. R.)

*Mr. L.*—(L.) I have just been talking to Dabney's club at Yale, and have some good news for you. He left for home this afternoon.

*L.*—Did they tell you how he was traveling?

*Mr. L.*—Why do you ask that?

*L.*—I promised not to tell.

*Mr. L.*—Come Lillian. What is the joke?

*L.*—It is no joke at all; it is a secret.

*Mr. L.*—Then I shall call back and find out for myself. (Ex. L.)

*L.*—When he learns that Dabney has been a member of the flying squad for four months, and is now a professional flyer, he will tear the top of the house off.

*Dabney*—(R. briskly, dressed as aviator.) Hey, nobody home?

*L.*—(Meeting him, hands extended.) Dabney!

*D.*—Why, Lillian. How lucky to find you here. How are you?

*L.*—Just fine. How did you enjoy your trip?

*D.*—O, it's grand. My new Liberty Motor is all that could be desired. Has father received the bill for it yet?

*L.*—He hasn't mentioned it.

*D.*—(Laugh.) Then he hasn't received it.

*L.*—No, I think you have him completely in the dark. And I think he is going to be a bit stubborn about letting you go to the front.

*D.*—Dad will be all right. Just give him time.

*Mr. L.*—(L.) Why hello, son. I thought I heard that voice.

*D.*—(Meeting him.) Hello, father.

*Mr. L.*—How did you get here so quickly? They told me you left Yale only two hours ago.

*D.*—I came across country—or rather I should say across the sky.

*Mr. L.*—(To. L.) And this is the secret, is it?

*D.*—And say, Dad, that new Liberty Motor you are building is a hum-dinger. I got one of the first ones and named her Betsy Ross. She is now gracefully roosting over on your golf links.

*Mr. L.*—Betsy Ross the devil! What do you mean?

*D.*—Simply that I am a full-fledged aviator, and you will hear from Betsy Ross later on.

*Mr. L.*—Are you thinking of sending her to France?

*D.*—No. I am thinking of TAKING her to France.

*Mr. L.*—I see. You think there is no chance for you to be exempted.

*D.*—I hadn't thought of that.

*Mr. L.*—Well, my boy, you need not be afraid you will have to go. Lillian and I will look after that. You run along up to see mother.

*D.*—I didn't mean to throw such a fright in the camp. I forgot to tell you I have been examined.

*Mr. L.*—Examined!

*D.*—Yes—and found “not physically fit.”

*Mr. L.*—(Pleased.) By George! That is good. Why didn't you tell me that at first?

*D.*—(Seriously.) Because I thought you would be sorry to know it.

*Mr. L.*—Anything is better than war. Is it your lungs?

*D.*—Don't be alarmed. It is only a slight defect. A few months in Colorado will mend it all right. I am on my way there now—Betsy Ross and I—and I hope to get some practice in flying over the mountains. I am anxious to get built up so I can join the boys and help them hock, H-O-C-K, der Kaiser. See you in just a minute, Lillian. (Ex. L.)

*Mr. L.*—My God! What does that boy mean? Lillian, girl, his life is in your hands, and I am depending on you to save him.

*L.*—Mr. LaFohl, if I should undertake to influence Dabney to abandon his plans to do what he knows to be right it would cost me his respect.

*Mr. L.*—You think all this is patriotism—whatever that is. I tell you it is rubbish.

*L.*—Do you think so?

*Mr. L.*—I know it. And if you will put him to the test you will find I am right.

*L.*—To show you how utterly small your patriotism is I accept the challenge. If he agrees to marry me and hide behind my skirts he is not fit to be an American soldier, and I will do all in my power to help you keep him at home—where he belongs.

*Mr. L.*—Now you are talking sense. I knew I could depend on you. He is coming. (Goes L.)

*D.*—(L.) Father, do you think you will be able to manufacture those motors as fast as we will need them?

*Mr. L.*—I will answer that question when you have talked to Lillian. (Ex. L.)

*D.*—(Laugh.) What have you got to do with it?

*L.*—(Standing behind chair.) Sit here and I will tell you.

*D.*—(Sits.) Very well. To obey my superiors was my first lesson.

*L.*—Then listen to me.

*D.*—(Looking at her.) I am listening.

*L.*—(Tilting his head.) Don't look at me.

*D.*—That is more fun than hearing you talk.

*L.*—But you must do as I say.

*D.*—All right. Go ahead, graphophone.

*L.*—I want to talk to you seriously.

*D.*—Then come around and look me in the eye like a man—Ah, like a woman, I mean.

*L.*—Dabney, really I want you to be serious. Don't you think that as your fiance I have first claim on you?

*D.*—I do.

*L.*—Then I ask you to give my claim precedence over that of your country and marry me at once, and let me shield you from danger. Will you do it? No true man neglects himself for others. (Waits.) Why don't you say something?

*D.*—Lillian, you have misjudged me. Has my conduct ever been such as to cause you to feel that I am a coward?

*L.*—If you forsake me now I shall always know you for what you are. I give you one more chance. Will you disappoint me?

*D.*—We are both disappointed. One in a coward, and the other in what he thought a true heroine. (Rising.) I ask that you release me from all my promises.

*L.*—Then you do not love me.

*D.*—If I did not love you, Lillian, how could I be willing to lay down my life for you? O, you do not understand.

*L.*—Your answer is no?

*D.*—If you ask me to stand idly by and witness a horde of organized criminals dismantle our beloved statute of Liberty, and parcel out amongst themselves the fair women of France and Belgium, and later those of my own country—including you, Lillian, and my own sister and mother—then my answer must be no. I shall fight for you as long as I have strength, and trust you to accept it as a proof of my love.

*L.*—God bless you, Dabney. I knew that would be your answer. Forgive me dear.

*D.*—What does this mean?

*L.*—I have been acting a bitter lie because your patriotism was questioned by your father, and I wanted to show him that you are true as steel.

*D.*—I am ashamed of my father's position. I hope you will forgive him.

*L.*—He will be all right. And when he does throw himself into the struggle his power will be felt. He is only one of a great many men who have not yet realized that we are facing a crisis.

*D.*—That is the pity of it. Such blindness when the world's best blood is being fed to swine is despicable. And if my father is guilty, God forgive him, for I can't.

*Neb.*—(R) Er—Miss Lillian, (sees *D.*) Wall, bress mah life, ef it ain't Massar Dabney. Whar you cum fum?

*D.*—I just dropped down out of the heavens.

*Neb.*—Didn't yer lack it up dar?

*D.*—Oh, yes. It is very fine.

*Neb.*—Den whut yer cum back down ter dis vale er tears fur?

*D.*—To get some gasoline.

*Neb.*—Wall, I be durn. Den you'se found one place whar de Standard Oil ain't de whole show.

*L.*—You don't understand.

*Neb.*—No, chile; I don't understan'. He say he been up in heben, en he ain't got no wings. (Rubs him on back). Didn't yer suit 'm up dar?

*D.*—I suppose not.

*Neb.*—En yer had ter do all yer flyin' on superficial gas?

*D.*—Yes.

*Neb.*—Wal, what yer goin' ter do when de gas gibs out?

*L.*—Don't be sacrilegious, Dabney.

*Neb.*—No-no-no. Fur de Lawd's sake don't.

*D.*—I didn't mean to be. I thought he knew it was I who was flying over the place this afternoon.

*Neb.*—Wus dat you? You sho was up in de air dat time—*I* allus said you wus er high flier—Er, Miss Lillian, I clean fergot whut I cum for. I got somepin ter say ter yer PRIVATELY.

*L.*—Has my chauffeur returned?

*Neb.*—Yasam; dat's it. En he say—er—er—he say fer yer ter cum on; he's tired er waitin'.

*D.*—Such impudence!

*L.*—It is Tom. Ethel does not know he is coming.

*D.*—Good for you. I am glad there is one person in this house who is not afraid of my father.

*L.*—You go and entertain him while Tom is here.

*D.*—I would like to see Tom.

*L.*—Neb, show him in.

*Neb.*—Yassam. En den I'se gwine ter git under er mountain. (Ex. R.)

*L.*—I will send Ethel and stand guard while Tom is here. (Ex. L.)

*D.*—(Crossing to R., meeting T. at door. If he is in uniform he comes to attention and salutes)—Helo, Tom! Come in; you are welcome.

*Tom*—I did not expect to hear that in this house.

*D.*—I know you didn't, but so far as I am concerned it is quite true. The home that does not admit and welcome a soldier in the American army is not worthy of him. I understand you are under orders to sail.

*Tom*—Yes, I must report within the hour.

*D.*—(Smile)—Then I am wasting some valuable time. Etel wanted to see you, and so Lillian and I ordered you up.

*Tom*—That was good of you, old man. I appreciate it.

*D.*—Not at all. I will tell her you are here. (Ex. L., Tom crossing to extreme R.)

*Ethel*—(L. Sweater on arm).—Oh, Tom; I am so glad you came. (Gives both hands).

*Tom*.—I hope you will forgive me for coming over your father's protest. The opportunity offered me was more than I could resist.

*Ethel*—I am glad it was. It was dreadful for me to think of you going away without my seeing you again. When do you sail?

*Tom*.—Tonight.

*Ethel*—I want to know the exact hour and minute.

*Tom*—I cannot tell you that.

*Ethel*—Why not?

*Tom*—Orders.

*Ethel*—Oh, these dreadful war orders. Tom I do hope you will soon be back home again. And I promise you there shall be nothing to prevent me from seeing you as often as you wish.

*Tom*—Little girl, that promise holds a world of happiness for me.

*Ethel*—You will surely come back, Tom, and I shall make that promise a living fact. Here is your sweater. Making it



for you has been the sweetest labor of love I have ever known. Every stitch is shrunk and reinforced with prayerful tears; and I hope it will warm your body as my yearning love goes out constantly to warm your noble heart and keep it strong and true.

*Tom*—Thank you, Ethel. I shall try to show myself worthy of your gracious love. I have no one but you to fight for, so if I never return you may say that my last drop of blood was spilt for you and the flag. My time is up and I must say goodbye. (Offers hand.)

*Ethel*—Goodbye, Tom. (Biting her lip.) Goodbye, Tom. (Breaks down and cries on his shoulder.)

*Mr. L.*—(L.) Tom Bradley! How dare you come into my house again?

*Ethel*—Father, for my sake.

*Mr. L.*—For your sake!

*Ethel*—Yes, for my sake. I love Tom and it is no fault of his that he is here.

*Mr. L.*—Then whose fault is it?

*L.*—(L.) If it is anybody's fault it is mine, Mr. LaFohl. I bade him come.

*Mr. L.*—And by what authority do you bid guests to my house?

*L.*—I do not need authority to be decent.

*Mr. L.*—Let decency be damned. This is my house and I propose right here to determine who shall run it. Tom Bradley, leave my house.

*Ethel*—Father!

*Mr. L.*—What! You dare defend him in my presence? Go to your room instantly.

*Ethel*—I will not leave Tom.

*Mr. L.*—Then choose between that pauper and me; and know that if you choose him I shall surely disinherit you.

*Ethel*—Please listen to me.

*D*—(L.) What is the matter here?

*Mr. L.*—Stay out of this, Dabney.

*L.*—Because she will not drive Tom away as if he were a dog, your father insists that she choose between him and Tom. It is not right.

*Tom*—Dabney, I am very sorry this has occurred.

*Mr. L.*—Then mend it by getting out.

*Tom*—Mr. LaFohl, I may be sorry I came, but I have no idea of running away. You have asked Ethel to choose between us, and as she must some day make this choice it might as well be now.

*Mr. L.*—I agree with you. Let her make her choice.

*Ethel*—Then if I am driven to choose between a soldier and a slacker—even though the slacker be my own father, I must choose the soldier. (Takes his hand.) Your fortunes shall be my fortunes, Tom, and until you return I shall follow the Red Cross and make my home in the heart of the nation.

*Mr. L.*—Then both of you leave my house. I never want to see your faces again. (They ex. R.)

*L.*—O, you unfeeling Hun. I would rather be a dog under

the Kaiser's meanest table, than to be you with your heartlessness. Dabney, did you hear what I said?

*D.*—Father you are wrong.

*Mr. L.*—Are you against me, too?

*D.*—I am not against you, father; but I am utterly ashamed of you.

*Mr. L.*—Then you shall this night choose as Ethel did. Either you stand by me, or fall by yourself. Renounce that woman (Pointing to *L.*) or I shall renounce you.

*L.*—It is up to you, Dabney. And hesitation will be the most forceful speech you could employ.

*D.*—Father, if you ask me to renounce Lillian because she is brave enough to stand by my side and in the face of your littleness point out my duty to me, I must decline.

*Mr. L.*—O, son, be sensible. I can keep you out of this war. Just leave it in my hands. I can get your claim allowed.

*D.*—For God's sake, father, lift your eyes and look on the Star Spangled Banner trembling in the face of a bestial horde who seek to pierce it through with blasphemy, and turn its glory into a contemptuous relic of a despot, and know that there can be but one claim on me—the claim of my flag. And so far as I am concerned that claim was allowed yesterday when I volunteered to follow the Stars and Stripes to the ends of the earth.

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## QUICK CURTAIN.

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### ACT II.

SCENE 1—Farm home in Colorado, ten days later.

STAGE SETTING—Same as Act I, except less elegant, and used American flag on back wall.

(*Mr. Metz* seated right of table center reading paper, and smoking large pipe. *Mrs. M.* left of table knitting. *Mary* left rolling bandages.)

*Mary*—What is the war news, grosspapa?

*Mr. M.*—O, dare iss nuddings much. Dey haf stop talkin now, und are gedding ready to do somedings. But it vont pe long pefore ve vill read de papers mit interest.

*Mary*—Do you think all of our boys will have to fight?

*Mr. M.*—I know dot dey vill. Und I vish I vas a young man. I vould help dem.

*Mrs. M.*—Would you really go, father, if the government would take you?

*Mr. M.*—You bet I vould. It iss de only vay to bring peace to de world. Dis iss de free country for peace und liberty, und vare everypody does as he pleases to do right. Dot iss vy my fadder cum here, und dot iss vy I vas porn here, und dot iss vy it is home to me.

*Mary*—*Mrs. Hohenzollern* says you are a traitor.

*Mr. M.*—Vell, de *Hohenzollerns* may feel dot vay about it.

*Mary*—And a lot of girls say because we have German blood in our veins we are not Americans.

*Mrs. M.*—Do not listen to such talk as that my child. Just ask the next girl who says such a thing to you whether she has a father on the firing line beside your father.

*Mr. M.*—Und dell her dot de blood vot runs in your weins has also run on de battlefields of your country. Und dell her—No don't dell her nuddings. Schoost make bandages. (Buzzing back.)

*Mrs. M.*—(Listening.) What is that?

*Mary*—(Going to window back.) O, mother, it is an air-ship. And it is coming down.

*Mrs. M.*—O, I hardly think so. (Goes to window.)

*Mary*—O, goodie, goodie. Look. New what do you say?

*Mrs. M.*—Why, it is an aeroplane. (Knock on door R.) Come in.

*Mrs. Hohenzollern*—(R, followed by Heine.) Goot evening.

*Mrs. M.*—Howdy do, Mrs. Hohenzollern. Did you see the aeroplane?

*Mrs. H.*—O, dot iss nuddings. Germany is full of dem. (Sees Mr. M. at window back.) Vell, Gustav Metz! It iss luck to find you here. Ven did you cum?

*Mr. M.*—Schoost yesterday.

*Heine*—Vare iss Sherman?

*Mrs. M.*—He has gone for the cows. (Lays her knitting on table.) You will find him out this way. Please excuse me, Mrs. Hohenzollern, it is time to milk the cows.

*Mrs. H.*—Dot 's all right. I prefer to schpeak mit Herr Metz anyvay.

*Mrs. M.*—(Going L.) Come Mary. (Ex. L.)

*Mary*—(Laying her work on table.) I wish we had a milking machine. (Ex. L.)

*Mrs. H.*—Bitte lassen Sie uns Deutsch sprechen.

*Mr. M.*—No, fraulein, ve vill speak English.

*Mrs. H.*—So. Vell, vot you tink of de var?

*Mr. M.*—I tink ve petter not schpeak on dot subject.

*Mrs. H.*—Und vy?

*Mr. M.*—Pecause I understand you lif in America und fight mit your tongue for Germany.

*Mrs. H.*—Sure. Dot iss right. Don't you?

*Mr. M.*—No, I fight for de country vot I lif in—vare I haf lifed all my life—und vare I haf made all my money. Dis iss home to me, und a man vot vill not fight for his home iss no man at all.

*Mrs. H.*—How much money you make here?

*Mr. M.*—Fifty tousand dollars.

*Mrs. H.*—How did you make it?

*Mr. M.*—Honestly.

*Mrs. H.*—Und vot good vill dot money do you ven de government vill dake it all away from you?

*Mr. M.*—If he dovernment dake vot I got it vill haf to conwiscate dot. (Produces folded paper.)

*Mrs. H.*—Vot iss dot?

*Mr. M.*—Dot iss a fifty thousand dollar Liberty Pond.  
(Lays paper on table.)

*Mrs. H.*—Gustav Metz! You pay fifty thousand dollar for dot wortless scrap of paper? Vy you trow your money away like dot?

*Mr. M.*—Pecause I want to play safe. You call dot a vortless scrap of paper, but I dell you, fraulein, a United States Pond will be wort vot its face calls for as long as de church bells ring.

*Mrs. H.*—Church bells? Ha. Vot vill Germany do mit your church bells?

*Mr. M.*—Vell—I dell you vot I tink. It vont pe long before ve vill need dem bells to call Germany to Sunday School.

*Mrs. H.*—You dink so?

*Mr. H.*—Und den she vill go back to de days of Goethe und Schiller, und pe de grand old Fadderland yet.

*Mrs. H.*—You are a traitor, Gustav Metz. How much you get for it?

*Mr. M.*—If you vill put on a pair of pants und ask me dot, I vill dell you.

*Mrs. H.*—Don't be insulted. You must be gedding somedings for it.

*Mr. M.*—I am gedding somedings for it. No man ever shtood py dot flag (Points to flag) und lost.

*Mrs. H.*—Und so you sit round under dot thing und fight your fadder land. Shame on you, Gustav Metz, undil you can say mit me "Deutschland, Deutschland, uber alles, uber alles in der Welt." Ged od de vinning side, Gustav, vile you can. If you follow dot rag you vill lose; und den ven Germany dake dis country you vill be shtood oop against de vall, und shot as a traitor. Dot's vot you vill.

*Mr. M.*—Ven Germant dake dis country dere vont pe any valls to shtand opp mit. Dot's my flag, fraulein. My two brudders schleep mit dot flag in Gettysburg. I followed dot flag mit Grant to Appomattax. Dot iss vy my sleeve iss empty. (Holds out empty right sleeve with left hand.) I gif my good right arm for dot flag, und I am not afraid to follow it now. You are young, fraulein, und you haf much to learn. (Knock on door R.) Cum.

*Dabney*—(Followed by Neb, who notes the German accent with surprise.) How do you do, sir. Are you the head of this house?

*Mr. M.*—De head of dis house iss my son, und he iss at de front, sir, fighting mit his country. I vill dell his vife you haf cum. (Goes L.)

*Mrs. H.*—(Going L.) I vill find Heine und dake him home mit me. (Ex. L.)

*Mr. M.*—Schoost make yourself at home, fraulein. (Ex. L.)

*Neb*—(Business glances left and to D.) Massar Dabney, am yo rat sho dat am not de Kaiser?

*D.*—I don't think so.

*Neb*—Wall, dat done altify how I feel about it. We went

up in dat flyin machine dis mawnin, en heah we is done lit in Germany.

*D.*—Don't you see that flag?

*Neb*—(Kneeling.) O flag of Mr. Linkum! Ef yo eber specs ter do anything fur dis ole nigger, yo better do it now.

*D.*—We are still in America, Neb.

*Neb*—(Rising.) Wa! I ain't so sho bout dat. Eber since I ben flyin wid yer I aint knowed whar I wus, ceptin dat we wuz jes curclin roun wid de burds en clouds. En I done know whar we done lit.

*D.*—(Producing gun.) Well, "being lit," we must make the most of it.

*Mrs. H.*—(Off L.) Heine, O Heine. Wo bist du?

*Neb*—Dah, now. Didn't I done tole yer?

*D.*—Tell me what?

*Neb*—Dat we is rat squar in de middle er Germany.

*D.*—O, I don't think so.

*Neb*—Wall, I duse. En as er man thinketh so am he.

*Mrs. H.*—(Off L.) Heine komm zu mir. Wir wollen nach Hause gehen.

*Neb*—O, Lawd, boy. Less us fly erway fum heah.

*D.*—Not yet.

*Neb*—Rat now. We aint had ernuf trainin ter meet de conditions dat mought easily arise.

*D.*—You wouldn't run away and leave your flag, would you?

*Neb*—O, no, no, sah. We guin ter take dat wid us.

*D.*—I thought you were going to be a brave soldier.

*Neb*—I WERE—but dat wus when I thot we wus goin ter light somwhars in de Nunited States. . . . En ef I hadn't er thot yer could stop dat Liberty motor afor she went eround de world I'd er nebber cum up wid yer in de fust place.

*D.*—(Laugh.) And you think we have crossed the ocean?

*Neb*—En I knows rat when we done it. Done yer member when I axed yer whut dat blue thing wus?

*D.*—Yes. I remember that. And I said it was a big Kansas wheat field.

*Neb*—Dat's whut yer said, but dat want no Kansas whee-field er tall. Dat wus de ocean.

*D.*—(Hearty laugh.)

*Neb*—(Seriously.) I done see whut you laffin bout. Ter me war am a serious preposition.

*D.*—You make me forget that it is.

*Neb*—I tell you, Massar Dabney, I en you has sho ober-done de thing dis time.

*D.*—Well, what are we going to do about it?

*Neb*—I s'gest dat we crank up dat Liberty burd en migrate.

*D.*—I suppose if you are going to be a coward I had just as well take you back home.

*Neb*—(Hurriedly and going R.) Come on, boy. (Off left in genuine mammy fashion, singing—"Swing low, sweet chariot. Comin' for to carry me home.")

*Neb*—(More Comfortable.) Now dat altifys de situation.

(Voice same.) Lawd, Miss Jennie, dat good-fur-nuffin black rascal aint brung in dat stovewood yit.) Massar Dabney, ef we is in Germany we is below de Mason and Dixon line. . . . Jes you hole de fote, whilst I reconnotter en fine out whut dat is makin dat noise. I bet yer fo bits her name am Care-line. (Goes out right.) Mr. Metz in loud voice off right, "O, Marie, pring grosspapa de Berliner Tageblatt." (Business of rushing back to D. and looking right and to D.) Young man, dis sho am er convulsion uv events. . . . Er angel at dat do, en de debil at dat'n.

D.—I advise you to go to the angel.

Neb.—Alrat. (Going L.) But de fust time yer hears dat German grunt, you come quick, en come prepared. (R.)

D.—It does look a bit as if we won't be welcome here. . . . Red Cross knitting! That is assuring. . . . And bandages for the wounded. . . . A fifty thousand dollar Liberty bond for Gustav Metz. . . . What! All this here where the very air is split with gutterals? And above it all a battle scarred Red White and Blue. . . . Ha, I agree with Neb. This is a "convulsion of events."

Mrs. M.—(L.) Do you wish to see Mrs. Metz?

D.—Yes. (Hands card.) Please say it is a matter of business.

Mrs. M.—(Reads card and extends hand.) I am pleased to meet you, Mr. LaFohl.

D.—O, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Metz. I expected to see ah . . . ah—

Mrs. M.—(Smiling.) A big fat German lady.

D.—At least a German-American.

Mrs. M.—And instead you see an American-German.

D.—That is a very nice distinction, Mrs. Metz, and it encourages me to tell you I have been accepted for service in the aviation department provided I can build up my breathing a bit. That is why I am in the west. I have been flying over the country today seeking a suitable place for practice work, and was attracted by the large fields surrounding this house. I think it would be an ideal place but I hesitate to ask the privilege.

Mrs. M.—Mr. LaFohl, my mother was a daughter of the Confederacy; my father, whom you met, was a captain in the Union army; my husband is now at the front in France; my boy is a scout, and my little girl made those bandages. Don't you think it would be a pleasure to me to grant the privilege you ask?

D.—Forgive me, Mrs. Metz. I apologize for doubting it, and thank you very much. I have money to pay liberally for a place to stay, and I hope I may find one close by.

Mrs. M.—Our school teacher has been drafted, and leaves tomorrow. You are welcome to his room until we secure a man to take his place.

D.—A man to take his place? Let me do that. I think I am competent, and I would be glad to do the work as long as I am here.

Mrs. M.—Then you may consider yourself at home. I will speak to the board in your behalf.

*Neb*—(L.) Massar Dabney, I think I'd lack ter stay roun heah. (Sees Mrs. M.) Er—er—er—'scuse me, missus.

*D.*—That is an old servant my mother sent along to take care of me. Could it be arranged for him to stay too?

*Mrs. M.*—He will have to speak to Caroline about that.

*Neb*—(Bowing low.) Thank yer, missus. I think I kin trade with Carry, alrat. (Starts L. meeting Mrs. H., who is talking, and gives her plenty of room.)

*Mrs. H.*—Vell, I can't find dot poy anyvare.

*Neb*—(Looking L.) Is dat boy er yorn got light hair?

*Mrs. H.*—Yaw. Dot's my Heine. (*Neb* flinches.)

*Neb*—(Same.) Wall, I tink I see 'm comin now.

*Mrs. H.*—Vell dell him to hurry.

*Neb*—Taint no use. He am comin lack er house erfire. Clear de track. (Enter Heine left, crossing and hiding behind Mrs. H. extreme right. Hair disheveled, sleeve torn and right eye blacked. Mrs. M. crosses to left, meeting and restraining Sherman, who is breathless. Dabney center. *Neb* exit L.)

*Mrs. H.*—Vot iss de matter, Heine? You run away from dot boy! Vy dont you lick him?

*Sherman*—Let him come.

*Mrs. M.*—(Restraining him.) Sherman!

*Mrs. H.*—(Holding Heine behind her.) Dots right. Hold him pack.

*Mrs. M.*—Mrs. Hohenzollern, I advise you to take your brother home.

*Sherman*—Don't let him go until I make him salute this flag. (Holds out small torn flag.)

*Mrs. H.*—Salute dot rag! Schpfit on it Heine.

*Sherman*—Please do.

*Heine*—Schoost you vait.

*Sherman*—I am waiting. Do it and I will smash your spitter all over your face. (Starts for him.)

*Mrs. M.*—Stop Sherman! I must ask that you leave my house.

*Mrs. H.*—Und so you dare to stand dare under steek of red candy (points to flag on wall) und inzult me!

*Mrs. M.*—(With a smile.) The time is not far off when you will be glad to get that "stick of red candy" to suck your lemon through.

*Mrs. H.*—(Mad.) Gott und Himmel! I will tear it down myself. (Starts for flag.)

*Mrs. M.*—(Stepping in front of flag, hand uplifted.) Stop! Touch that flag and I will scratch your eyes out. (Points to door.) Leave my house, I say.

*Mrs. H.*—(Leading Heine out R.) Schoost you vait. Schoost you vait. (Ex. R.)

*Mrs. M.*—Mr. LaFohl, are you disgusted?

*D.*—Disgust and admiration never go together. Who is the hero?

*Mrs. M.*—He is my son. Sherman meet Mr. LaFohl, the owner of the flying machine.

*D.*—(Taking his hand.) Glad to meet you, Scout. You have the right sort of stuff in you.

*Sherman*—And that is your flying machine?

*D.*—Yes.

*Sherman*—Then here is your flag. Heine tore it from your machine. And that is why I blacked his eye.

*D.*—Thank you, Sherman. I am sure we shall be great friends.

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CURTAIN.

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ACT II.

SCENE 2: Same. Four months later.

*Mary*—(Pinning rosebud on Dabney seated center. Kisses bud.) That is the first flower that has bloomed. I give it to you 'cause you are going away today.

*D.*—Thank you, Mary. I have been hoping you would give me your photograph; but this is better. It is just like you, Mary, pure and innocent and beautiful. And its little soul, rejoicing under the ripening sweetness of the kiss you gave it, shall reappear to me in each succeeding generation of roses to remind me of my little Mary of the West.

*Mary*—Do you love flowers?

*D.*—Yes, but I always feel clumsy with them; for I believe God created flowers for pure little girls like you, and that He smiles every time He sees you together. But I can at least pledge you by this one always to hold woman's honor above suspicion, and fight for it as long as I live.

*Mary*—My daddy is fighting. Do you think he will be killed?

*D.*—I do not know, dear. But if he should be you must hide your bitter tears in the sweet comfort of knowing that by that sacrifice you hold a bloodright in the glory of your country. I shall soon join him and help him fight for you.

*Mary*—(Shaking fist.) Just fight 'm hard.

*D.*—We will. Just you wait and see.

*Neb*—(R.) Massar Dabney, I'se thu wid de packin.

*D.*—Did you leave the heavy sweaters out?

*Neb*—Yassar. En I done filled Betsy Ross full er gasoline.

*D.*—How about the oil?

*Neb*—Plenty er dat, too. Whut time do we fly.

*D.*—At 1 o'clock. We must reach the first aviation camp by night. Does that give you plenty of time to say goodbye to Caroline?

*Neb*—I aint guin ter say goodbye. I'se jes guin ter say reservoir, en take mah chances. (Ex. R.)

*Mrs. M.*—(L. with paper.) I have just been reading a very interesting article in this paper on Horace LaFohl of New York. Is he related to you?

*D.*—He is a distant relative. What has he been doing now?

*Mrs. M.*—You should be proud of him. He has given the government full control of his great plant for the full period of the war.



*D.*—Thank God for that. He is my father.

*Mrs. M.*—Your father!

*D.*—Yes, and you do not know how happy I am to know he has done this thing. When I last saw him he was blind to every sense of his duty and seemed to care only for the profits that factory was making him. I did not tell you because I was ashamed of it.

*Mrs. M.*—And you were going to the war against his wishes?

*D.*—Yes, and at the expense of being disinherited by him. But it is all right now. Mrs. Metz, you have been good to me, and I am deeply grateful. I hope you will come to New York and meet my mother.

*Mrs. M.*—I like to know mothers of boys like you, and I hope I may have the pleasure sometime. It has been a great pleasure to have you in our home. I hope you will not forget where we live.

*D.*—I do not think I could ever forget a country that has given me back my life, and a home that has raised my ideals of life. And when this war is over I hope to be able to return here with a little girl who is waiting for me.

*Mrs. M.*—God grant that you may. You would not accept your salary as teacher of our school, so the patrons have subscribed this five hundred dollars, and ask that you accept it as an expression of their good will and appreciation for what you have done for their children. (Offers check.)

*D.*—I accept this with deep gratitude, and beg to donate it to the children's playground. (Gives check.)

*Mrs. M.*—Thank you. It will make them very happy. (Looking R.) They are coming now to say goodbye.

(Children off right start up America and advance on stage singing. Let them form circle from deep left to right front. Those who are on program forming in straight line in crescent. Mrs. M. & D. left front, and joining in song. One verse will do.)

*Mrs. M.*—Mr. LaFohl, the children have prepared a short program in honor of your leaving. Have you the time to hear them?

*D.*—Nothing could please and honor me more.

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For this part of the program let pupil furthest from Dabney advance and face between him and audience. Then the next etc. until the last, Mary, is reached. Give her the presentation speech. For the others use such readings or songs as your local expression teacher thinks best. We suggest Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg Oration, President Wilson's Declaration of War, or Flag Speech. The best musical talent in your town may be employed in this scene in their own selections of patriotic songs. Of the old ones "THERE'S MAGIC IN THE FLAG" is good. Finish the program with Mary advancing to Dabney with small package wrapped.\*

*Mary*—We have selected this gift for you because we believe it is the best thing in all the world, and one that will

be most highly prized by you. (Gives package.)

(Dabney unwraps it. Orchestra playing Star Spangled Banner. He takes it out and holds out on his arm. The children salute and sing—one verse. Voices behind scene, and the audience may join. A very good effect here may be had by turning off all lights and playing dim spot on flag, growing brighter and merging with full light at end of verse.)

*D.*—Children, if my resolve to stand by this flag and see to it that the millions who have died for the right shall not have died in vain, lacked anything, you have supplied it. You have given me a death-defying resolve to bear it thru the battlements of the skies until its sweet message of peace and good will toward men shall be felt throughout the earth. And I swear by every star upon it never to give it up, and to give my life if need be, to keep it floating o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. If I do not bring it back to you I shall be brought back in it. Goodbye. Above all things remember this: Seek to know what is right, and do it, and stand by the land God has given you as long as you live.

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## QUICK CURTAIN.

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### ACT. III.

SCENE—Same as Act I. One week later.

*Lillian*—(R. to Mrs. LaFohl, who is standing at window back, weeping.) Now there you are weeping again. You promised me you would not let Dabney see you in tears.

*Mrs. L.*—Lillian, it is impossible. (Coming up.)

*L.*—I know it is hard, but for his sake we must be brave. I think we do wrong to send our soldiers away under a shower of tears. Don't you think it would be better for them if we appear less distressed?

*Mrs. L.*—Perhaps so; but it may be beyond my power to do that. Have you any word from Dabney since he arrived?

*L.*—He telephoned me to meet him here at seven, and I think I hear him coming now. (Goes R. meeting Scout.) Why good evening, little Scout.

*Scout*—Did Mr. LaFohl send for me?

*Mrs. L.*—Yes, dear. He has been looking everywhere for you. Sit down.

*Mr. L.*—(L.) Hello, Lillian. Why, there is my Scout. (Shakes hands.) I have been trying to find you for a month.

*Scout*—What is the matter?

*Mr. L.*—About four months ago when you asked me to help your daddy fight, and I told you that you couldn't interest me, you said "Be a man." Do you remember that?

*Scout*—Yes, sir.

*Mr. L.*—Well, I have sent for you to thank you for those three little words—"BE A MAN." They have been ringing in my ears ever since, and I thought it would please you to know that I am a man. I want you to turn in my subscrip-

tion for a million dollars worth of your Liberty Bonds.

*Scout*—(Whistles.) That is what I call a real man. (Takes blank from pocket and goes to back of table and writes. Mrs. L. assisting.)

*L.*—Mr. LaFohl, once I called you an “unfeeling Hun!” I have regretted it a thousand times, and now I am ashamed of it.

*Mr. L.*—You were right, Lillian. I was not conscious of it, but I was an “unfeeling Hun.” And if it had not been for the patriotism of my own household, including you, I might still be one. But I am awake now to the urgent need of my country, and I ask only to be permitted to undo the beastliness I showed in the beginning.

*Scout*—(Folding paper.) Thank you, sir. This will give me the prize.

*Mr. L.*—You deserve one. Where do you live?

*Scout*—I don't like to tell you.

*Mr. L.*—I want to know.

*Scout*—I am staying at the Orphan's home until my daddy comes back.

*Mr. L.*—The Orphan's Home! And your daddy fighting for his country! My God, what a slacker I have been.

*Mrs. L.*—Where is your mother?

*Scout*—She is dead.

*Mr. L.*—Won't you be my boy until your daddy comes back?

*Mrs. L.*—(Going to him.) Do dear. Let me be your mother. I love you already.

*Scout*—I'd like to. I will write daddy and ask him about it.

*Mr. L.*—(Going L.) Come into the library and we will both write him. (Ex. L. with Scout.)

*Mrs. L.*—I hope it can be arranged for him to stay. He would be such a somfort to me.

*Neb*—(R.) Wall, missus, I'se back.

*L.*—Why, it's Neb. Where is Dabney?

*Neb*—O, I fotch him back alrat.

*Mr. L.*—(L.) Why didn't you “fotch” him back here?

*Neb*—He went up to headquarters ter git made into er lieutenant.

*L.*—O, isn't that fine!

*Mr. L.*—When did you arrive?

*Neb*—We riv at de navigation camp bout two hours ago. En dey tole us we done hung up two records—one fur speed, en one fur distance. Massar Dabney kin out-fly er bullet.

*Mr. L.*—That is going some.

*Neb*—(Excited.) Man erlive! Yer aint seed no goin until yer gits in behind dat boy er yorn. He kin do de sky-rocket, de plumb-bob, de cork crew, en de shine ball ter perfection. Yassar. He kin round up er bunch er clouds en make 'm rain fiah en brimstone. En he say de nex time he cotch out at night he guin ter roost on er moonbeam. Yassar.

*Mr. L.*—Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Ho, ho! Let me know when he comes. (Ex. L.)

*Mrs. L.*—Is Dabney well?

*Neb*—Yassam. He got er chist spansion uv five inches. He sho am ready fer de fracus. En when er bunch er men lack Massar Dabney gits ober in dat Flanders country dem Germans guin ter think de stars am fallin.

*L*—Did you have any trouble on the trip?

*Neb*—Not er bit. Ceptin once we got cloudbound.

*Mrs. L.*—Cloudbound?

*Neb*—Yassam. But dar want nuffin to dat. We jest jammed into a bunch uv 'm, but afore I knowed it Massar Dabney he done plowed thu 'm. En den I los mah hat.

*L.*—Where were you when you lost your hat?

*Neb*—Now, Miss Lillian, I disremember whuther dat wuz Oklahoma or Pennsylvania. All I knows is dat de las time I saw it, it wuz headed fur somewhere in de United States.

*L.*—You have had a big time, haven't you?

*Neb.*—I sho has. We has done ebrything anybody eber heard erbout—en some things dey neber will heah erbout—he-he-he—onless Massar Dabney tells it. En I'se not skeered er dat. But de best one we got is de pottage act.

*L.*—“Pottage Act,” what is that?

*Neb*—Aint yer neber seed er pottage fly of'n her nes, en tumble erlong jes lack she guin ter quit? Wall, dat's it. En dem Germans guin ter think deys got him, when he jest playin pottage wid em. (*Mrs. L. weeps.*) Dar, now, I'se done made missus cry. I better go. (*Ex. L.*)

*L.*—Now, *Mrs. LaFohl*, Dabney will be here in just a few minutes, and you must not forget to appear bright and cheerful.

*Mrs. L.*—Can there be anything bright and cheerful to the awful picture *Neb* has drawn—my brave boy wounded and fluttering to earth behind those fiendish German lines, beyond the kindly touch of a human hand?

*L.*—You must not think of him as alone. Think of him as one of a great army of brave boys backed up with 'the tears and prayers and wealth of the greatest nations on earth, fighting for the right.

*Mrs. L.*—But think what will happen to those who may be taken captive.

*L.*—Germany will pay dearly for any mistreatment she gives an American soldier. But we must not anticipate the gloom. We must think always of the time when our soldiers shall return with a victory that will insure peace and liberty to the whole world.

*Mr. L.*—(*With Scout.*) And just as soon as you hear from your father, come and let me know what he says.

*Scout*—I surely will. Goodbye.

*Mr. L.*—Goodbye. I will meet you at the bank tomorrow at ten to pay for my bond.

*Scout*—I'll be there. (*To the Ladies*): Goodbye.

*Mrs. L. & L.*—(*Nearly together.*) Goodbye. (*Ex. S. R.*)

*Mr. L.*—(*Looking at watch.*) I wonder what is keeping Dabney?

*L.*—He said he would be here at seven.

*Mr. L.*—It is five minutes after that now.

*L.*—(*To Mrs. L.*) Have you packed his things yet?

*Mrs. L.*—(Rising.) No, I must do that now.

*L.*—I want to put this package in.

*D.*—(R.) 'Lo, folks.

*Mrs. L.*—(Rushing to him.) My boy! I am so glad to see you. (Kisses him.)

*D.*—Hello, Lillian. (Shakes hands.) How are you?

*L.*—Just fine, Dabney. My! You are looking well.

*D.*—I feel it. How are you, father?

*Mr. L.*—Glad to see you, son. I was afraid they would not permit you to run out and say goodbye.

*D.*—I barely did get to come. We are under orders and I must report back in just a few minutes.

*Mrs. L.*—What shall I pack for you?

*D.*—There is a list. I cannot take more than that.

*Mrs. L.*—(Going *L.*) I will have it ready in just a few minutes.

*L.*—Let me help you. (Ex. with *Mrs. L.*—*L.*)

*D.*—(Smiling.) Well, father, have you managed to get my claim allowed yet?

*Mr. L.*—Yes, my son. And with yours mine also. I am no longer a traitor to my country.

*D.*—You a traitor! Why father, how can you say that?

*Mr. L.*—It is hard to say, but when I look back over my position in the early days of this struggle and realize that I had no higher ambition than to coin my country's necessity into my own selfish gain, I cannot feel any other way about it. I am heartily ashamed of it, my son.

*D.*—Such shame as that denotes a patriot. And I am glad I can go into this struggle feeling that you are behind me; for a SOLDIER LOVES THE ENEMY HE SEEKS TO KILL BETTER THAN THE MAN WHO WOULD SHARE HIS VICTORY WITHOUT A PART IN IT.

*Mr. L.*—I am sure that is true. And I shall have a part in this great victory. That is why I have placed my factory in the hands of the government. Every dollar I have is behind you, and my heart is in the motor of the plane you will find awaiting you in France.

*D.*—Am I to fly in my own machine?

*Mr. L.*—The best that money can buy, and I pray God it may bear you safely to victory.

*D.*—Father, I realize I am going into the very jaws of death, and may never see you again. If not, I hope some comrade will tell you that I went bravely to the end.

*Mr. L.*—I have no doubt of that. My agent in Paris has been instructed to advance you any amount of money you may need. Draw on him freely and see that Tom Bradley has the very best of attention while he is in the hospital.

*D.*—Is Tom wounded?

*Mr. L.*—Yes. But he will not die if my money can save him. I have cabled full instructions as to that. I want him to get well that I may treat him as the man he is. And poor Ethel!

*D.*—Where is she, father?

*Mr. L.*—Somewhere in France. I don't know. God forgive me. Find her, son, and convince her that life is all bit-

terness for me until I know she forgives me. Tell her to write to me; and don't forget to write often to mother. Goodbye.

*D.*—Won't I see you again?

*Mr. L.*—I shall try to see you at the station; but, if not, take care of yourself, and live right.

*D.*—(Still holding his hand and looking him bravely in the eye.) Goodbye, father. (Ex. *Mr. L.* slowly *R.*)

*Neb.*—(*L.* carrying two suit cases.) Heah am yo war duds. I'll go pack mine en be ready in jes er minit. (Starts *L.*)

*D.*—Why, you can't go, *Neb.*

*Neb.*—Wall, whut I ben doin all dis trainin fur ef I caint go en see it thu?

*D.*—You are too old. You would be in the way.

*Neb.*—Caint yer range it no way fur me ter go? Ef yer gits hut I wants ter be wid yer.

*D.*—No, *Neb.* I can't take you.

*Neb.*—I'se powerful disappointed—case I ben figurin as how I'd be de onliest blackbird in de air. Lemme go, Massar Dabney. I aint er goin ter git in nobody's way 'slong 's I'se on a plane wid you.

*D.*—Your devotion raises you to a plane in my heart that some men of whiter skin have neverreached.

*Neb.*—Den lemme go.

*D.*—It is impossible. You must stay home and take care of mother.

*Neb.*—Alrat. I ben entertainin dat sweet angel all er her life; en I sho aint er goin ter fail her now. En ef we gits word dat you am dade I'se guin ter try ter make her think dey's jes foolin her.

*D.*—That is the idea. Take my suit cases to the car, please. And goodbye. (Offers hand.)

*Neb.*—(Cleaning hands on trousers.) Goodbye, Massar Dabney. Be keerful en done yer bump into Jupiter Pluvimus. When yer gits back we is guin ter fly ober ter see Care-line. (Ex. *R.*)

*L.*—(*L.*) Dabney, do you think you will get back by the fifteenth of October?

*D.*—The fifteenth of October! Our wedding day. I hardly think so, Lillian. This is sure to be a long bitter fight, and I want to be in at the finish.

*L.*—I want you to be, dear. Our marriage can wait on a victory of our country. So if it pleases you we will postpone it until that day. I think I would like to be married in Berlin anyway.

*D.*—Then so shall it be. The time, when our flag is in Berlin; and the place, unter den Linden. I feel confident I shall meet you there.

*L.*—If not, Dabney dear, the rest of my life shall be a hideous blank. Go and do your duty, and leave all things in the hands of God. (Enter *Mrs. L.*—*L.*) If He demands your life count it little, and be glad your heart is big enough, and your sense of duty deep enough to find honor and comfort in the sacrifice. Goodbye.

*D.*—That is a lot for me to promise you; but as my strength so shall my effort be. Goodbye.

*L.*—You good and brave and true boy. Surely the dear God will preserve you and give you back to me. Goodbye, dear. (Kisses him and goes out right.)

*D.*—(Turning to Mrs. L.) Mother what is there about a good woman's love that so enobles a man's heart and makes him feel a bit worthy of the image of his Lord?

*Mrs. L.*—I do not know, son, unless it is because her love is unselfish. Why do you ask me that?

*D.*—Because it seems to me that you ought to know—that you know everything.

*Mrs. L.*—I know only that there are depths in a woman's heart that can be reached by none but the bravest. You are leaving me tonight, and somehow I feel that I am giving you up. I promised to be brave and not send you away under a shower of tears; but already I see that is going to be hard for me.

*D.*—If anyone has made you feel that your tears would make it harder for me to leave you I want to correct the error. I know that you love me very tenderly, and that your dear heart is breaking. So do not restrain your tears. It is the tears of good women that shall crystallize into piercing shrapnel and win the world back to the right. There are hundreds of thousands of mothers' sons in France tonight dreaming of tear-dimmed eyes, and as they dream their hearts grow stronger, and their duty becomes clearer and clearer. And by and by we shall go over the top and make the world safe through our mothers' tears. (Kisses them away.) God bless you, mother, and give me strength to remember these bitter tears and never rest until we have stamped from the face of the earth the power that is blind to the misery and suffering it is inflicting upon the world.

*Mrs. L.*—My boy, do you feel that if you should die your soul would rest in peace?

*D.*—Yes, mother. I have that assurance.

*Mrs. L.*—Then trust God. He will take care of you. (Sits center.) You are a big brave soldier, but tonight my heart cries for you as when you first lay in my arms. You will always be just my baby boy to me. Won't you kneel here at my knee and let me pray for you? (Dabney kneels. She places hand on his head and lifts eyes):

Dear God, I give my boy to save the flag;  
I pray Thee, Lord, he may not lag.  
If he should die in foreign land,  
I pray Thee, Lord, to hold his hand.

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## CURTAIN.

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### ACT IV.

SCENE: A glimpse behind the front line at the gates of Berlin. Two years later.

STAGE SETTING: Plain hospital room. Tom, head

bandaged and resting, on cot right. Ethel as Red Cross nurse, watching by his side.

*Tom*—(Is restless and calls): Ethel! Ethel!

*E.*—(Stroking his hair.) Yes, Tom, I am here.

*Tom*—(Glaring at her.) Who are you? I want Ethel.

*E.*—O, Tom, look at me. I am Ethel. Don't you know me, dear?

*Tom*—You don't look like my Ethel. (Rests.)

*E.*—Now, that is a good boy. Close your eyes and sleep.

*Tom*—Sleep! There is no sleep. There is only the roar of cannon and bursting shell. (Rising on elbow and pointing left.) Can't you see those great billows of surging humanity—O, how they reek with blood! Can't you see them? Can't you smell them? Can't you hear the deadly tattoo of bullets on our breasts? Look here at our feet, at these blood-clotted lips so deathly still in this awful den of hell—above the cannon's roar they call to me "On, on, on and over the top." (Fiendishly.) Aha, haha, haha, haha. . . . Look—my flag is down. Give me my sword, I will cut his infamous head off. No man can cut the staff of my standard and live. Ah, there is a brave lad. He lifts it up. Higher, higher, higher, to the skies. Now, men, on follow the flag. No matter if you die, the flag must live.

*E.*—O, Tom, dear, can't you understand me? Your flag is not down. All the world stands at salute before your flag today. It has won, Tom, and you helped to carry it over the top.

*Tom*—You are telling me a German lie.

*E.*—No, dear, I am telling you God's glorious truth. Please be quiet. You will open your wound.

*Tom*—Wound! Ha, ha, ha. I'm not wounded. I wish I were. Then I could boast of a Liberty scar. (Enter Dabney, left.) Look! Look! There he comes. (Ethel motions Dabney back.) Steady men, steady! Wait until you can see the snarl on his face. Now send him to hell. (Laugh fiendishly. Dabney backing to L.) Where is the enemy that boasted he could lick the world. Gone. Gone forever from the earth, unsung and unmourned, and into the face of his God without a plea for mercy. (Falls back exhausted.)

*E.*—(Pouring few drops from bottle into glass of water.) Here, won't you take this for me?

*Tom*—No, it is poison. I will not take it. Get out of my sight.

*E.*—O, Tom, please.

*D.*—Tell him the General said take it.

*Tom*—If my commanding general says for me to take poison, let me have it. (Reaches for glass and drinks. Then salutes Ethel.) Thank you, General. (Lies down.) I am better now. As soon as I have had a little rest I will go over the top. (Sits in bed and salutes.) If you say so, General, I will go now.

*E.*—O, Dabney, what must I do?

*D.*—He thinks you are the General. Command him to lie down.

*E.*—(Commandingly.) Sir, lie down and rest.



*Tom*—(Salutes.) All right, General. (Lies down and is quiet.)

*E.*—(Stroking his hair.) Dear old Tom! Bereft of reason, and doomed to die. O, God, he has given all for Thee, please dear Lord, give him back to me: At least long enough for him to understand that his flag is not down, but that it has conquered, and is today flashing its glad tidings of peace to all the world. (Turning to Dabney.) O Dabney, it is good of you to come to me in this awful hour. Please do not leave me. I would be so alone if Tom should die.

*D.*—You dear girl. There is no danger of that. The head surgeon says he is perfectly safe.

*E.*—Perfectly safe, when he is demented?

*D.*—(Smiling.) He is not demented. It is nothing but the delirium of fever, and the recollections of the awful hell he has led his men through. You have seen thousands in his condition.

*E.*—But they were not my brave husband.

*D.*—And for that reason some of them did not have as good a chance to recover. I have just received a message from father—

*E.*—From father!

*D.*—Yes. He and mother and Lillian have arrived in Paris and are making arrangements to move Tom there and give him the best of attention.

*E.*—O, my good father!

*D.*—Tom shall want for nothing. And while the terms of peace are being arranged we shall all stand by your side and help you nurse him back to life and reason, that he may understand fully, and enjoy the blessings he has so nobly helped to bring to the world. Now you run along and take some rest. You need it. I will call you if anything happens.

*E.*—How long can you stay?

*D.*—As long as Colonel Tom Bradley needs me. Go and rest, Ethel, and dream of the greatest victory the world has ever seen.

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## CURTAIN.

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### ACT IV.

SCENE 2: Plain room, in Paris. One month later. Tom seated center reading book.

*D.*—(L.) Still feeling good, Tom?

*T.*—I am feeling bully, thank you, Dabney. Only I am a bit homesick.

*D.*—Then you spoke the truth for both of us. (Sits.) But I have just returned from headquarters with a sure cure for that disease.

*T.*—That can be nothing else than a trip home.

*D.*—Exactly so. I hold in my pocket permission for us to go as soon as we please, and father has arranged the booking for Saturday.

T.—For Saturday. (This calmly.)

D.—Why don't you shout?

T.—O, I am glad to go back home all right; but to shout would not be fair to France.

D.—Tom, you are always thinking ten leagues ahead of me. And my sober second thought of leaving France is not to shout; but rather to look about and see if there is anything else we can do for her.

T.—You have done much, and France will not soon forget you. France never forgets. But I need not tell you that, or to extol your virtues.

D.—Go as far as you like, old man. I am still human. I like praise.

T.—You deserve all that has been given you, and that is much. All the badges and palms that have been awarded you were fairly and nobly won, and here is my hand.

D.—Thanks, Colonel. Coming from a man who is every inch a hero, such a compliment pleases me far more than these coveted badges I wear. I have done my best, Tom, and I am glad I could do it; but so far as these badges are concerned I will gladly give them to you for that Liberty scar you wear.

T.—Ha. I have a little scar, haven't I?

D.—Yes, and it is a badge of honor that holds the indelible pigment of your country's best love; and it will endure long after these man-made crosses shall have been forgotten. Hang it all, why couldn't I get a scar?

E.—(L.) An orderly to see you, Dabney.

D.—Where is he? (Tom opens book.)

E.—At the front. (Ex. D.—L. Ethel crossing to T.) Now, you naughty boy. Give me that book. The doctor said you must not read the fine print for a long, long time. (Lays book on table.) Every time I leave you you get into mischief, or do something you should not do.

T.—Moral: Don't leave me.

E.—(Standing behind chair, hands on his shoulders.) Haven't I stayed by you pretty closely?

T.—Indeed you have, dear. Perhaps that is why I miss you so when you are away.

Mrs. L.—(R.) Here they are, Lillian.

D.—(R.) O, of course. Billing and cooing as usual. Ethel, you are spoiling Tom.

E.—What of that? "to the victor belongs the spoils."

D.—That is the idea, Ethel; and I wish you would induce Lillian to practice a little of that Spoliation on me.

L.—(Crossing.) All right, Dabney. How shall I begin?

D.—What a woman does not know along that line, no man can teach her.

Mr. L.—(L.) Well, I give it up. I can't find him anywhere.

Mrs. L.—We should never have brought him.

Mr. L.—Why didn't you talk that way in New York? Then you said, "O, it would be such a treat for Neb. Let's take him."

*D.*—Don't worry, father. He is just like a cat. You can't lose him.

*Neb*—(R. hat in hand. Stops and draws finger across forehead and slings hand.) Golly, dis sho am er fas town. I ben out-runnin er bunch er motor cycles all er de atternoon.

*Mr. L.*—Where have you been?

*Neb*—Whar aint I ben? I stahted at de Shanks uf Euly-sees, en wound up wid a grand march thu de plaza uf tin cans.

*D.*—(Laughing.) I will telephone the police the lost is found. (Ex. L.)

*Neb*—Yes. Tell 'm ter call off dey war dogs. Peace am declared.

*Mr. L.*—I have the entire police force of Paris looking for you.

*Neb*—Wall, done I know 't?

*Mr. L.*—And I offered a hundred dollar reward for you.

*Neb*—Er hundred dollars! Am dat de stake we wus runnin fur?

*L.*—Yes, and you get the reward.

*Neb*—Miss Lillian, ef it want fur you dis household 'd sho be bankrupt. (Enter *D.*—*L.*)

*Mrs. L.*—Tell us some of your experiences.

*Neb*—Wall, missus, it all happened so fas dat I disremember purty nigh all de impahtent events. But yer see, bein's we leavin purty soon I cided I'd see some er de sights. But I hadn't gone fur when one er dem Paris Policemens frisked up ter me en said (Holds palms of hands in front of waist, and to audience, shoulders shrugged): "See-see-see—la-la-la—poo-poo-poo—bong-bonb-bong." I ot ter er run rat den—but bout dat time I membered dat I knowed some furreign language whut I got fum Care-line, when I wus out West wid Massar Dabney, en so I put on er broad smile en said: "Du bist ein SPECKELED dutchman." En, lawd-er-mighty folks—believe me business picked up—en so did I—Massar Dabney, I sho did feel de need uf Betsy Ross.

*D.*—I advise you to remain close to the shore from now on, and refrain from calling Frenchmen speckeled Dutchmen.

--*Neb*—Dat's my idea erbout it.

*Mr. L.*—Well, Lillian, if you and Dabney wish to return with us you must hurry over to Berlin.

*Mrs. L.*—To Berlin! What is that for?

*Mr. L.*—I understand they have a little sentiment about going there—and you know Lillian, if she wants to go to Berlin, she will go or bust.

*L.*—No, I have changed my mind. I just wanted to know that I could go. But now that the way is open to an American citizen to go where he pleases, and if it suits Dabney to be married in New York, I choose to go home at once.

*D.*—Good old America is good enough for me.

*Mr. L.*—(Advancing to Tom's chair.) And how about you, my boy? Are you ready to go home?

*T.*—As soon as the peace terms are signed.

*D.*—They were signed this morning, and appear in the afternoon paper.

*Mr. L.*—Where is the paper?

*Neb.*—(Taking paper from pocket.) I stopped long er nuf ter buy one; but I caint read her. It seems ter me dat de pressman failed ter git er focus on it. (Hands paper to *Mr. L.*)

*Mr. L.*—Here, Lillian, it is in French. You will have to read it.

*L.*—(Center, back of Tom's chair. Others grouped around her. *Neb* extreme right, and quiet.) "The protocol of peace." Here it is.

*D.*—Just skip all the preliminaries and get down to the terms.

*L.*—(Scanning down column.) "Japan gets—"

*D.*—Never mind Japan, and Italy and Servia and Roumania. Skip on down to France. What does she get?

*L.*—France, France, France—Here it is. France gets Alsace-Lorraine and suitable indemnity—

*Tom.*—And immortal glory. Now for Belgium.

*L.*—Poor Belgium gets her freedom and—

*D.*—Of course she gets her FREEDOM. Germany gets that much. How much INDEMNITY does she get?

*L.*—Wait a minute. (Enumerates.) Units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions—What comes next?

*Mr. L.*—What comes next?

*L.*—Yes, there are a whole string of them yet.

*Mrs. L.*—That suits me. How about Russia?

*L.*—Russia BARELY gets by with—

*D.*—W-a-i-t a minute. I object to any levity.

*L.*—Levity?

*D.*—You should not say BARELY when speaking of Russia. You should say—ah—ah—

*Neb.*—Scacely.

*L.*—Well, then, Russia "scacely" gets her freedom, but Uncle Sam promises to help her more in the future.

*E.*—That sounds just like Uncle Sam's will, doesn't it? What does England get?

*L.*—O, she gets nothing, except a few little colonies.

*Neb.*—You don't say.

*D.*—What did Turkey get?

*Neb.*—I, I, I know dat'n. Turkey got it in de nake.

*L.*—And here is something for Germany.

*Mrs. L.*—O, I am so glad Uncle Sam didn't disinherit Germany. What did he give her?

*L.*—ONE MORE CHANCE TO BE GOOD, AND—

*Mr. L.*—AND what?

*L.*—Sixty days to put up.

*Tom.*—Uncle Sam is a regular Old Santa Claus, isn't he? What does he get?

*L.*—(Throwing paper to floor, and with feeling.) The love and adoration and good will of the whole wide world, and the consciousness that God is pleased.

CURTAIN.

(END.)

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